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## Zion's Herald.

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## "AN OPEN DOOR."

BY MISS FANNIE CARD.

Within a prison cold and damp  
A wretched convict lay;  
The sun that shone so bright without  
Lent him no cheering ray;  
The air without was sweet and pure,  
Within was rank with death;  
The insects sported free without—  
He drew no happy breath.  
See! just before,  
An open door,  
And one within it standing!  
The distant fields lay cool and green  
And sparkling with the dew;  
While babbling brooks seemed smiling back  
The skies' serene blue.  
The kite were feeding on the hills,  
Or slaking thirst at will,  
While he, in hunger and athirst,  
In labor languished still.  
Yet, just before,  
An open door,  
And one within it standing!  
No man may shut that open door,  
That leads to life and peace,  
While he upon the threshold stands,  
To offer thee release.  
He bids thee come. Arise and go,  
Cast off thy guilty fears;  
Are! take his hand—He'll lead thee forth  
And wipe away thy tears.  
For, just before,  
An open door,  
And Christ within it standing!

## THE AMERICAN PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

BY PROF. T. B. LINDSAY.

There is a fascination about machinery—it is the link between thought and action. The painter's brush, the sculptor's chisel, what lends them interest, but the fact that they give a material reality to thought? They put the artist's idea where another man can see it, touch it, realize it. What more mysterious than this? It is the whole great problem of the connection between mind and matter. The man that can explain the simplest tool has the key to all philosophy in his hand. What wonder, then, that words—the most direct and universal of all tools—should have excited the curiosity and study of the wise of all times? Science is judicious curiosity, and it is only of late years—almost in our own times—that the study of language has become a science. It remained for the men of our own century to lay down its rules, to formulate its principles.

A starting-point was found in the discovery of Sanskrit. Its fullness of forms, its highly-developed character, its evident antiquity, made it serve at once as the key to many vexed questions. For instance, there had been a not unnatural theory that Latin was derived from Greek. Its vocabulary corresponded very nearly to that of its supposed progenitor. The Latin words whose equivalents failed in the Greek, were supposed to have been left as a legacy by the aborigines whom the Latin invaders drove from the Italian peninsula. But when a language was found, older than Latin and older than Greek, which contained many of the words that were wanting in the one or the other, it could hardly fail to be seen that Latin was like Greek not because it was derived from it, but because they both had a common source. And was this source Sanskrit? So men thought at first, but, as time went on, and the languages were studied more closely, and it was found that both Latin and Greek had features that the older language lacked, they came to see that Latin, Greek, and Sanskrit were all the daughters of one mother, and she the mother of four other daughters—Persian, Celtic, Germanic and Slavic. We call them daughters, but, in truth, the family relationship is still far from clear. The great fact, however, of the existence of an Indo-European, or Aryan, family of languages was settled.

There remained a great deal to be done. Language and languages were studied from various standpoints. Sometimes from the philosophical: What was language? How did it come into existence? What determined the form of the individual word? Sometimes from the historical: What recorded changes had taken place? Was change in language influenced by climate? Did a language change its grammar, or only its vocabulary? When changes of sounds took place was there any discoverable principle to which the changes conformed? Sometimes from the physiological: What was the organic pre-requisite for the production of an articulate sound? What was the position of the vocal organs during

the production of such sounds? What made a vowel a vowel, and a consonant a consonant? Why were some sounds easier and others more difficult? These and a host of other questions stood at the threshold of the science. Some bold spirits tried to push them one side and enter in by force, but the day for that was past; the wisest students sat down at the entrance, to spend their lives in patient investigation, knowing that others were to reap the fruits of their labors.

Among the names of the men who have devoted themselves to the solving of some of these problems there are four that will probably occur to most of those who read this sketch—Bopp, Grimm, Müller, and Whitney; three Germans (if Prof. Max Müller may be called a German) and one American. And it is not national prejudice, or even national pride, that adds Prof. Whitney's name to the list. He is known and recognized everywhere, in England, France, Germany and Italy, as well as at home, as one of the great leaders of linguistic thought. He was at Cambridge the other day when the American Philological Association held its session there, and the keenness of his insight and the clearness of his statements were as evident in what he said there as in the books he has written—books which have done more, perhaps, than those of any other man to familiarize the reading public with correct views of language.

The proceedings of such an association seldom have very great general interest, and a detailed account of all the papers read might weary even the readers of this one. In fact—I am afraid it is treason to say so—there were some very weary-looking faces even in that wise assembly; that, however, was doubtless due to the heat, for it was very hot on Tuesday afternoon. Prof. Sewall spoke of some of the curious forms of letters that occur in the old colonial records. The forms of *h*, of *g*, of *c*, and several others, are very similar to those used by the Germans to-day. The practical character of our ancestors is attested by the celerity with which they did away with these cumbersome, time-consuming characters that the Germans are still struggling with. The sign *y* for *th* was used until 1721. There is a very common tendency to confuse the sound with the sign that represents it, and one of the commonest errors is to pronounce this *y* where it occurs in modern imitations of ancient documents, like our own *y* in "your" etc.

The address of the president, Prof. F. D. Allen, was a very interesting history of the classical professorship in the University of Leyden, which was for so long a time the fountain of Greek and Latin scholarship.

Prof. Toy's discussion of the "Semitic Personal Pronoun" was of great interest to Hebrew students. He touched on a more general subject when he said that the recurrence of certain stem-forms in both the Semitic and the Aryan pronouns was evident, but was not definite enough to serve as the basis for a theory of original unity.

Prof. Whitney defended the terms "surd" and "sonant" against the attempted reinvigoration of the old terminology "hard" and "soft" as applied to such sounds as those of *p* and *b*, *t* and *d*, etc.; and also called attention to the fact, in spite of Delbrück (whose book was so well translated by Miss Channing) and others, that the only demonstrated principle of linguistic decay was the law of economy.

[Concluded next week.]

## THE "GREAT WE-WI-VAL PREACHER."

BY REV. E. WENTWORTH, D. D.

One morning, "Judge Watts," alias Henry (janitor to South College, at Dickinson, in Carlisle, Pa., in 1853-4), was beaming with excitement as he performed his routine duties, in tidying up my room for the day.

"Professor," said he, "we've gwine to hab a gwate we-wi-val preacher from de Wes' down 't our church nex' Sunday."

I forget to which of the churches Henry belonged. There were two of those "darkey" churches. The black is imitative. The whites, his models, have different denominations;

he must. Who ever saw a settlement, however small, with one colored church in it, if it was big enough to have any? The blacks of Carlisle had two—both Methodist, but of different stripe. They were small affairs, situated near each other, in the east end of the town, and went by the symphonious names of "salt-box" and "turkey-roost."

What gave rise to these names, or what was their significance, I never knew; and I do not know to this day whether my friend Henry, the judicial servitor, was a salt-boxer or a turkey-rooster. Suffice it to know that, on the momentous occasion of the reception of the "gwate we-wi-val" preacher from de Wes', both congregations came together and crowded one of these seven-by-nine cathedrals to its utmost capacity. Next morning Henry was full of the subject.

"O professor," he exclaimed in rapture, "we had a gwate time las' night! De preacher, he preach two hours, and den we shove de benches all out doors, and sing and dance till midnight! O, it was a gwate time, a gwate we-wi-val 'caz'ion."

"What did the man preach about, Henry? What was his text?"

"O, I no know, massa. I no larnin'. I disremember de tex', but it was a gwate sermon."

Nothing further was to be gotten out of Henry. On my way to the post-office an hour later, I passed the pastor of one of the African sanctuaries chopping wood in front of a house on Main Street.

"You had a strange preacher at your church last night."

"Yis, sah; a gwate we-wi-val preacher from de Wes'."

"What was his text?"

"Why, sah, a passage from Revelations—de gwate white hoss, and him dat sat dereon."

"How did he treat it? What was his topic, line of thought, heads of discourse?"

"O, 'xuse me, massa. I no larnin'. I disremember what he said, but it was a gwate discourse—powerful! powerful!"

From the post-office I crossed over to the barber-shop, kept by gentlemen of color. They were full of the "gwate we-wi-val meeting and the gwate we-wi-val preacher." In vain I asked for text and topic—there was not a man in the shop that remembered either.

"There goes a man can tell you," said the man that was shaving me.

They called him in. It was Dick Johnson, proprietor of an opposition shop over the way, and preacher in one of the churches at the east end—the most intelligent, best-dressed, and politely-gentlemanly, colored man in town.

Mr. Johnson entered with a bow, uncovered, in Southern fashion, set his hat on the show-case, and said, "What's wanted?"

"German wants to know the text and topic of de sermon las' night."

"The tex', sir, was from the Book of Revelations, and was about 'the great white hoss and his rider.'"

"How did he treat it? What were his heads?"

"First, he considered de hoss in his spiritual relations; and secondly, he branched out!"

## LONDON RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES.

BY REV. GIDEON DRAPER, D. D.

It is a remarkable fact, that amid the decline of interest in the annual gatherings of our great religious societies, and the cessation of many of them, in the world's metropolis there is no falling off in this regard. This present year London has witnessed one hundred and sixty anniversaries. The May Meetings continue through the month of June. They represent almost every benevolent, philanthropic, reformatory, as well as distinctively Christian, cause. All denominations are represented—Churchmen, High and Low, Broad and Narrow; Wesleyans, Baptists, Congregationalists, Moravians and Friends—all gather upon these feast days. Noble lords, earls, marquises, generals, bishops, M. P.'s, the Lord Mayor, and prominent clergymen, are secured as chairmen. The

favorite president for the last forty years has been the truly noble Earl of Shaftesbury. This year he presided on eighteen different occasions, representing ragged schools, prisons, missions, temperance, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and anti-opium—one of the live questions before the British public.

There is a greater variety than with us in the manner of celebration. Anniversary "breakfasts" are a favorite English institution, and would well bear a transatlantic transplanting. It is refreshing to read, in these days of pessimistic gabble about the decline of Christianity, and of pulpit power, and the like, the reports of the enthusiastic gatherings in the world's chief city, reaching out in brotherly sympathy to the ends of the earth, and to all classes and conditions of suffering humanity near or remote. These anniversaries, like the dear Lord, take the world in the sweep of their Christly thought. We rejoice to learn that the attendance was large, and the giving princely.

Historic Exeter Hall, resounding, in the words of the profane, with its "annual brag," was filled as usual in the interest of the great British and Foreign Bible Society, upon its seventy-eighth annual session—according to ancient custom, Shaftesbury in the chair. The Church Missionary Society also attracted a numerous and influential audience, under the presidency of the Earl of Chichester. The London Missionary Society chronicles a full house. The Baptist Missionary Society reports a crowded gathering. The London City Mission, with its 453 missionaries doing a grand work at home, had an enthusiastic meeting; and the Church of England Sunday-school Institute crowded the Hall. The Ragged-school Union had the same success.

But the enthusiasm culminated in the Wesleyan Missionary Society. The Hall was filled to overflowing, and the proceedings were animated throughout the long sitting of five hours and a half! The chief business was the removal of the Society's indebtedness. A "Breakfast Meeting" that had been held was only an appetizer. The giving was continued, with true Methodist gusto. Eloquent utterances were given by Arthur, Hugh Price Hughes (a rising orator who bids fair to rival the fame of Punshon), by several missionaries—Sargent, Baugh of Calcutta, Walton of South Africa, and others, our own Bishop Harris closing the list. The chairman refused to entertain the motion to adjourn until all the moneys wished for had been subscribed. Amid tumultuous cheering the announcement was made that the entire indebtedness of \$40,000 had been removed. Would that the contagion could reach our Society at home!

The moneys given are a practical proof of the power of Christianity. The aggregate of the various societies during the past year is nearly \$10,000,000—an increase over last year of about \$400,000. This does not look like a decadence or death. The Bible Society leads the list with its million, and others come in the order of giving as follows: Church Missionary Society, Tract Society, Propagation of the Gospel, Wesleyan Missionary Society (the fifth), London Missionary Society, et cetera.

Temperance is coming to the front in England. Twelve of these anniversaries were in its interest. One was held in Lambeth Palace, and was presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The churches, including the Established, are grappling with the evil of intemperance even more vigorously than with us. In this connection let me note a quite extraordinary recent occurrence in Scotland: A conference on temperance has just been held in the Free Church of Scotland General Assembly. It was addressed by Moody and others. This marks a decided step in advance. The drink has had its stronghold in the church in Scotland, and is the most fearful evil to-day of the people at large. I visited the two General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church in Edinburgh a few years since—the controlling denominations of the land—and was appalled by the amount of the use of spirituous liquors by the delegates, both

cleric and lay. Refreshment rooms were provided by those Assemblies for their exclusive use; an abundance of malt liquors and spirits was included. I never saw a bar-room in America doing a more lively business than was done there. In one place two young men and one young woman were kept busy in dealing out not only ale and porter, but brandy and whiskey! The church is coming up in Scotland with reference to this gigantic evil, and Moody is doing a heroic work in this connection. He has got the ear and the heart of Scotland, and is using his extraordinary influence wisely and well. His address was telling and powerful, and was well received. He was sustained by Bonar and other clergymen. The world moves, and Christ shall reign from sea to sea.

Washington Heights, New York City.

## THE IMPERSONATIONS OF ECCLESIASTES.

BY PROF. A. B. HYDE, D. D.

The dating of Ecclesiastes is understood to be difficult chiefly from the difficulty of seizing the personality of the writer. A similar perplexity might easily arise concerning an author so recent as Shakespeare. Of our great dramatist it may be said, "How small a portion is known of him!" Even his actual authorship of the works going by his name has been vigorously and respectfully debated. Concerning him, beyond all valuable men in English literature, we have been left to inference and conjecture.

A gentleman once offered a hundred dollars a line for five lines of reliable history concerning Mr. Harvard, founder of Harvard College. Almost as scanty and as valuable are facts of the life of Shakespeare. Hence have come those efforts to read him from his writings. Here arises a new confusion, from the perfection of his art in so assuming the character that he represents. For the given occasion he is Othello or Hamlet; he is Juliet or Ophelia. So he has with equal confidence been reckoned Christian and heathen, Protestant and Catholic, devout and profane.

This changeableness of character, which so eludes identification, is found in equal completeness in Ecclesiastes. The writer sees life through many men's eyes. He is spendthrift and miser, sensualist and rationalist, king and peasant, each by turn and nothing long. So entire are his impersonations that a true Shakespearean cloud has wrapped his own character. These perfect impersonations prove too much, if we let them, and so, as in logic, they prove nothing, and leave us with hardly a scrap of his personality. *Stat nominis umbra*. A greater than Shakespeare is here.

This elusive self-concealment assists in making the date of the Book hard to determine. Such an artist could have written it anywhere between Solomon and Alexander. Assuming the date of the Book to be 350 B. C. (to that it is likely to come), its author could find his task no harder than Shakespeare's task in King John or Richard II. One who can so personate a variety of other men as to screen his own individuality and defy scrutiny into it, can easily conceive and adjust all the surroundings of his characters.

Only this should be noted, that he cannot be much expected to forecast. He is seer, not prophet. Prophecy is not the dramatist's field. In the past he can range to the full extent of his wish and power. Therefore the Shakespearean quality shown forth in Ecclesiastes makes in favor of the later dating of the book.

## "WHERE ARE THE NINE?"

BY REV. CHARLES PARKHURST.

Perhaps this significant question never assumes more sad import than when we look over our church records. Who are the nine? as well as where are the nine? is the bewildering inquiry. We have recently endeavored to ascertain something of our absent and unknown membership, and some things worthy of general thought, we think, have occurred to us.

In the first place, we are convinced

that our church records need pruning, for they are cumbered with many names, that, to say the least, should not now be there. Churches are permanent institutions, and the real work of the church is permanent, and so much as is of God will stand. There is not, therefore, any advantage to the church or the minister in dealing with fictitious values. And we do just this, when for the sake of a good count we add the questionable to the church roll, or keep them there when added. Every friend of our church has been wounded sore by the comparative statement which Dr. Dorchester's figures reveal of what we do per member for benevolent causes. But I opine that if our church records were thoroughly pruned and only the living and thrifty branches left, we should not make such a humiliating exhibit. I do not counsel severity in this matter, not at all; let the weak brother remain, and the church succor and uphold him to the last, "bearing one another's burdens," even though the burden be the brother's shame because "overtaken in a fault." I would have Pauline charity the most strongly characteristic element of the church. But this does not have to do with the large mass of names utterly unknown and utterly unworthy. These should go off, and the church would be clearer and stronger, and no longer held responsible for them.

Again, we think a great deal comes from frequent examination of the church records by pastor and official board, name by name. Is a brother in the church indifferent? Let one or more of them which are spiritually minded be made a committee to see the indifferent brother, and tenderly labor with him. Are any absent? Let the pastor write them kind letters, asking after their spiritual condition and request an answer. If for any reason the absent have become thoughtless and are hiding their Christian life, a letter of inquiry may bring them to themselves. Such letters will make them feel that the church has still a kindly guardian interest in them. If permanently removed, and where there is another Methodist church, suggest that they would better connect themselves with that nearer church. Write to the pastor of the nearer church, telling him of the fact of their membership. Much, very much can be thus done to promote the religious life of our absent membership.

A brother in the Baptist Church told me that he wrote letters to all his absent members, and requested answers, and devoted one prayer-meeting to the reading of the answers, and found it a most interesting and spiritually profitable service. Cannot much more be done on these lines to hunt up and vivify the nine?

## Dr. Warren's Address Before the Irish Conference.

The *Irish Evangelist* contains the following: "Rev. Dr. Warren, president of Boston University, who was introduced as a fraternal delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, addressed the Conference. He said they had been reminded during the proceedings of their Conference, that some five hundred or more of their people in Ireland had left them to seek a new home in America during the year. He brought them the greetings of those who had left them, and the greetings of seventeen millions of Christians who loved the doctrines which they loved and sang the hymns which they sung."

"Just before he left America, the news received from Ireland was such as to cause his friends the gravest anxiety, but since he landed he had neither been evicted nor boycotted, and so he concluded they were a peaceful and well disposed people, who would meet the problems of State that might be thrust upon them, and seek their solution by peaceful methods. The first shrine to which he turned his steps on arriving in Ireland was one which had for him a great attraction. He did not first seek out the far-famed lakes of Killarney, nor the pillared grandeur of the venerable university, nor the holy wells around which pilgrims gathered, nor the grand Cathedral. He passed by the mausoleum of the titled magnates of the past, and sought out the spot where lay the dust of Richard Boardman, who just one hundred years ago was laid to rest alongside

the lordly pile at St. Finbar's, in Cork. Their brethren in Ireland were the keepers of some of their most sacred dust, and they in America were the custodians of remains dear to them."

"He was not willing to forget that the men who were engaged in the planting and pioneering of Methodism in America, were Irishmen, or of Irish parentage. The names of Embury and Strawbridge could never be forgotten by them. God had put honor upon them and their work by making the Methodist Episcopal Church of America the largest and most aggressive form of Christianity in the world."

"Then in their own generation they had seen one who in boyhood belonged to Irish Methodism, who was converted at her altars, and who gave himself to her ministry. That young man came to them in America, and William Butler became one of their most distinguished ministers, whose missionary labors and schemes excited their thankfulness and admiration. He might refer to others also, but he could not omit the name of Charles Elliott, whose 'Delineation of Romanism' was a standard work in the controversy with Rome. They owed Ireland a debt for these men, and he would speak to them encouragingly that night, to continue their work of evangelization in Ireland. Wherever they could detach a single family from Romanism, they were doing a work for Christ, not only for Ireland, but for America and the world."

## THE USES OF AN ENEMY.

BY REV. DR. DEEMS.

Always keep an enemy on hand, a brisk, hearty, active enemy.

Remark the uses of an enemy:

1. The having one is proof that you are somebody. Wishy-washy, empty, worthless people, never have enemies. Men who never move never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried, nothing ever runs against him. To be run against, is proof of existence and position; to run against something, is proof of motion.

2. An enemy is, to say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will slightly magnify your faults. The benefit of that is twofold. It permits you to know that you have faults, and are, therefore, not a monster; and it makes them of such size as to be visible and manageable. Of course, if you have a fault, you desire to know it; when you become aware that you have a fault, you desire to correct it. Your enemy does for you this valuable work which your friend cannot perform.

3. In addition, your enemy keeps you wide awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch, namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He keeps off noises, excludes light, adjusts surroundings, that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may not sleep. He stirs you up when you are napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing, he will have put you in such a state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next, and his mental *qui vive* must be worth something.

4. He is a detective among your friends. You need to know who your friends are, and who are not, and who are your enemies. The last of these three will discriminate the other two. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend nor enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say or chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is so much easier to assent than to oppose, and especially than to refute. But your friend will take up cudgels for you on the instant. He will deny everything and insist on proof, and proving is very hard work. There is not a truthful man in the world that could afford to undertake to prove one-tenth of all his assertions. Your friend will call your enemy to the proof, and if the indifferent person, through carelessness, repeats the assertions of your enemy, he is soon made to feel the inconvenience thereof by the zeal your friend manifests. Follow your enemy around and you will find your friends, for he will have developed them so that they cannot be mistaken.

The next best thing to having a hundred real friends is to have one open enemy.











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## ZION'S HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1882.

What a blessing is a consciousness of the favor of God! Such a blessing is above all price. What an antidote against excessive sensitiveness! To live in this world with an undisturbed mind amid all perplexing and disturbing influences, is a privilege greatly to be desired, and which a sense that we please God can only secure. With a sense of the divine approbation, it matters but little what fallible men may think of us.

Reason and faith are not enemies, but twins and mutual helpers. The former reigns in the brain, the latter in the heart. Faith gives her hand to Revelation to be led up the mount of vision where she sees objects reason can neither discover nor comprehend. Yet reason rejoices at the discoveries of faith and bids her rest in them, because, although they are out of the range of his eyes, yet they are in perfect harmony with what he does see, and with the highest needs of the soul to which they both belong. Thus reason and faith, when both are sanctified by the Spirit of God, dwell together in loving harmony.

Feeling which is indulged for its own sake and terminates in itself, is sickly sentimentalism. But emotion which flows out of the heart into kind actions, is healthful and beneficent. We have an example of the latter in the "Memories of Old Friends," by Caroline Fox, who writes in her diary: "Thought much on those stimulating lines of John Sterling:—

"Thou art a wise man's best of life,  
"Thou art a thousand years of strife,  
"If thou canst lessen but by one  
The countless ills beneath the sun."

"So in the strength of this feeling we helped a damsel to collect her calves and drive them into a field." Without including this little trial of the poor damsel's patience as one of the ills it is worth the strife of a thousand years to lessen, Miss Fox's effort to assist her, following as it did the feeling excited by meditation on Sterling's quotation, illustrates the difference between mere sentiment and healthy emotion. The sentimental weeps over imaginary ills, but does not lift a finger to remove them. The truly benevolent soul may weep, but his tears crystallize into deeds.

When contending amidst the rough billows of almost overwhelming affliction, William Wordsworth found consolation in this conviction of Christian faith:—

"He who afflicts me knows what I can bear,  
And when I fall, and can endure no more,  
Will mercifully take me to Himself."

With such a faith no Christian can be utterly overwhelmed by the rudest storm that beats upon him. The billows may roll "mountains high," but he rides upon their crests, never sinks beneath them. For when his strength threatens to give way, he hears the voice of Him who holds the winds in His fist, saying, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." O divine Comforter! who that knows Thou art with him in the storm, can fear its violence?

Every one familiar with the life of Wordsworth knows how greatly he was indebted to his sister Dorothy for his deliverance from the depression, the listlessness, the vague uncertainty which paralyzed his purposes owing to the dissolution of his wild dreams of human liberty and progress begotten by the early promise of the French Revolution, but dissolved by its later excesses. Dorothy calmed his perturbed spirits, led him by gentle influences to take healthful views of humanity, and helped give that direction of his mind toward "the heart of nature" which made him pre-eminent among English poets as an interpreter of natural objects. He pays a graceful and grateful tribute to her in these lines:—

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,  
And humble cares and delicate fears;  
A heart the fountain of sweet tears,  
And love and thought and joy."

What Dorothy was to Wordsworth, every sister may be, in her own measure, to her brothers, particularly in their wayward years. Most beautiful and pure is sisterly affection. Wisely used

it is almost irresistible, and may hold the brother back from his contemplated leap into folly's whirlpool and guide him into modes of thought and action that will make him not a disgrace, but an ornament, to society and a blessing to the world. Hence a sister's mission is as noble as her affection is pure. It lies not in the noisy world without, but within the door of the house which, if she heartily wills it, she can make more attractive to her brothers than the paths of temptation and sin.

There is no hiding place for sin. If it does not betray itself to the observation of men, it cannot escape the searching glance of the all-seeing Eye. "Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him?" saith the Lord. Hence the man who is a living lie, because, though consciously black at heart, and having on his hands the stain of vile deeds, he wears the mask of innocence, should give due heed to the word which saith, "I have made Esau bare; I have uncovered his secret places, and he shall not be able to hide himself." This divine declaration is strikingly expressed by Carlyle, who says, "If there be a faith from old it is this, that no lie can live forever. The very truth from time to time has to change its vesture and be born again. But all lies have sentence of death written down against them in heaven's chancery itself, and, slowly or fast, advance incessantly toward their hour." This, for false men, is an awful truth. Properly considered, it would move them to self-abhorrence, to repentance, to the shelter of that divine promise which says, "I, even I, am He that blot out thy transgressions . . . and will not remember thy sins." But if the secret sins which make the life of their perpetrator a living lie, be not blotted out by the hand of the Saviour, they will rise up in the readings to be given from the book of doom in the last great day of the Lord.

### A POSSIBLE EVIL.

One of the remarkable incidents of the hour in this country is the rapid and wonderful development of the great summer school at Chautauqua, and of the numerous imitations of it all over the land. The former, however, still stands distinct and peculiar by itself, without a peer in the country. It was first almost purely a large, protracted Sunday-school convention. The great body of similar institutions in the country imitate only this feature of it. But for itself it has courageously broken out into all the co-related branches of knowledge, and added many forms of attractive recreation to preserve the course of study from a wearisome monotony. It has its philosophical, philological, and musical faculties. It covers almost every branch of natural science, and makes specialties of history and literature. All this is in addition to Biblical exegesis, systematic theology, and normal instruction in the modes of Sunday-school organization and conduct. It almost makes one's brain whirl simply to glance at the extended programmes of lectures, discourses and various class studies. Indeed, we doubt whether there is a duplicate mind in the land that could inform all these various and rare outlines, keep all their courses in lively operation, and inspire the whole with a magnetic enthusiasm.

Dr. John Hall, of New York, said, he could not endure to have the church he served called by his own name; but Chautauqua is, without question, Dr. Vincent's own parish.

There is no danger of exaggerating the greatness of the idea, or its practical character, which has set between twenty and thirty thousand persons, all over the land, to reading, during a four year's course, a series of commendable works in history and science, and many standard volumes in different branches of literature. It is certainly one of our modern miracles. Its particular significance appears in the character of the great body of matriculated in this broad People's University. There are many ministers and intelligent Sunday-school teachers enrolled, but in addition to these, and greatly outnumbering them, are others who have had very limited educational advantages, and acquired little taste for reading. To awaken such minds and to set them upon regular courses, even of superficial study, is a remarkable work. It has aroused in hundreds of minds, without doubt, higher aspirations for knowledge and a taste for improving reading and study.

The possible evil to which we refer is the danger of superficiality in the attempt to cover so broad a field. In order to meet the wants of such a class of persons, especially of those who have but limited opportunities for study, the text-books are very compendious and the reading absolutely required is comparatively small. The course gives a simple taste of a hundred alluring forms of knowledge without securing a thorough training in any one science. Every thoughtful person knows how much better is the mental discipline secured by reading and study until one can clearly comprehend and make his own some

one branch of human knowledge than the simply passing over a score of them without fully comprehending what they embody. Hundreds will listen to the profound lectures of Prof. Bowne, at Chautauqua, that could not rise from the first reading of the opening chapter of his work on Metaphysics, and tell for their lives what his points are. And yet, to read over and over that chapter and its successors until their line of argument is clearly understood and can be given in one's own language, would be of far greater, as it would be of permanent, service. To really understand one branch of science, either astronomy, or chemistry, or botany, is far more satisfactory and wholesome than to have a smattering of them all. So especially with history and literature. To clearly understand one era—the record of our own nation, or of the English people—is to be able to appreciate distinctly the characteristics of a few leading writers, and thoroughly appreciate some of their works, is a thousandfold better than to swing around the whole circuit, dip in here and there, and bring up nothing that remains with us in the form of distinct ideas and positive knowledge. It is wise to watch one's developing tastes when the mind has received an inspiration from any of these providential sources, and then make choice of some particular line of investigation or reading. Few men can become encyclopedias. The knowledge that awakens enthusiasm is positive. We all have our educational affinities. The most unsatisfactory of all attainments are those that are simply veneered in thin strips upon the mind. The best and happiest students are specialists. There is time enough in an average life to cover a large area of knowledge, but the work should be done deliberately and thoroughly. To know a little certainly, is worth infinitely more than to have misty conceptions of a thousand things.

We doubt not the intelligent head and faculty of Chautauqua have thought of this, but it is a subject that admits of often insistence.

### THE QUARTERLY FOR JULY.

The July number opens with "New Japan," by Dr. Maclay, the superintendent of our missions. It is surprising how much Christian missions contribute to literature and science. In twenty-seven years Japan has risen from semi-barbarism to a self-poised, independent and enlightened nationality, having suppressed her dual executive, her feudal lords, her oppressive standing army, and her laws against Christianity. She has established a vast system of national schools and universities, introduced foreign scholars, sent abroad her own sons for education, enacted the Code Napoleon, reconstructed her currency, reformed her money, and interlarded her territory with railroads and interlinked her islands with the telegraph. The consummate skill of her statesmen has carried forward these reforms, and has suppressed two formidable rebellions against the new order of things. They now demand that their treaties with the civilized nations shall be reconstructed, omitting the clauses which deprive their courts of jurisdiction over resident aliens, and their government of the right to fix the duties on imports. Japan is to-day in an expectant attitude, awaiting the advent of the Christian religion, the secret of national strength and greatness. Let us see to it that she does not wait in vain.

H. K. Carroll furnishes a very instructive paper on "American Lutherans and Their Divisions." The divisions are numerous, and terribly hostile and bitter against one another; while nearly all are exceedingly bigoted and disposed to condemn as damnable heresies all other forms of Protestantism. A large body in the West—the Missourians, numbering 292,000—might well be called the Ultramontanians of Lutheranism. They shun science as they would heresy, disliking American schools, having, like the Romanists, their own parochial schools, isolating their children as much as possible from American society. Lutheranism is rapidly increasing through immigration. It now numbers 738,302, entitling it to the fourth rank among Protestant denominations. What a power for good, were they thoroughly spiritualized! "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these dry bones, that they may live!"

"A Glance at the Literature of Sanskrit" is afforded by L. A. Sherman, Ph. D. He describes the Sanskrit as a language that had a remarkable growth after it was dead, it having been for ages under the pruning-knife of the Brahmins. The writer turns before our eye a Sanskrit kaleidoscope, made up of brilliant bits of epic, dramatic, lyric, and didactic poetry. The fact that the inhabitants

of India are our linguistic cousins, speaking a language whose roots underlie our Anglo-Saxon, should deeply interest us, not only in their literature but in their evangelization. Of all heathendom the Hindoos are our nearest blood kindred.

Rev. Leon C. Field continues to aver that Jesus was a total abstainer. He courageously controverts these propositions: 1. That Jesus made intoxicating wine. 2. That He commended its use. He argues, with St. Augustine, that the miracle at Cana transformed water into the pure blood of the grape in the same manner in which it takes place every year in the growing clusters. Hence the wine of the miracle must have been as non-alcoholic as that in the grape. As the Father creates only unfermented grape-juice, so the Son, "who can do nothing of Himself but what He seeth the Father do," created only the pure juice of the grape, instead of imitating man in the manufacture of intoxicating wine—which would have been a very dubious way of manifesting His glory. The reviewer, with equal cogency of reasoning, disproves Christ's commendation of wine-drinking. This series of articles, so highly creditable to our Quarterly, should be thoroughly studied by all who are desirous of being fully equipped for the war against the beginnings of drunkenness in sipping wine. For this purpose these papers should be re-issued in a tract form.

Robert R. Doherty writes about the myth of "the Wandering Jew," who, for insulting Jesus on His way to Calvary, was doomed to roam the earth till the second advent of Christ. In the dark ages certain lying tramps, well versed in history and geography, palmed themselves off successfully as this very character. In later times he has figured in fiction quite extensively, in nearly all the modern languages. Finding enough real history to occupy our short life, we leave this venerable Jew, 1890 years old, to those who prefer falsehood to truth. The rank infidelity of M. D. Conway's book, "The Wandering Jew," set forth in this paper, should be a sufficient warning to all book-buyers not to soil their library shelves with this bit of chaff.

"The Theory and Practice of Methodist Episcopacy" is quite clearly discussed by Bishop Peck, in his review of the Life of Bishop Edmund S. Janes. He lived four distinct lives—the natural, the spiritual, the official, and, greatest of all, the practical. It is perilous to bid our young preachers imitate any human model below St. Paul, because they are so apt to copy the blemishes. Few of these will be found in the studious, devout, laborious, self-sacrificing, and fully consecrated Janes, great in goodness, thrilling in utterance, stainless in reputation, and apostolic in character. Let all our people read the biography of our second Asbury, written by Dr. Ridgway, always remembering that the real life was infinitely grander, because he lived for the salvation of souls, and not for his biographer nor for future fame on earth. What Bishop Peck thinks of so-called "apostolical succession" may be inferred from these words: "Let it be known to all High Churchmen, that they can do us no greater favor than to prove that our Episcopacy has not come, directly or legitimately, from the Church of England."

Rev. Thomas Carter, missionary to Mexico, gives a brief description of the great convent of San Francisco in Mexico City, its confiscation as the focus of a conspiracy against the republic in 1856, the subsequent transformation of its cloisters into a circus, a theatre, and, finally, into a Methodist Episcopal church, school-rooms, and printing-office. Originally it was the garden of the palace of Montezuma. It was purchased by Bishop Haven, who was always devising great things for the future of his church.

Not the least valuable portion of the Quarterly is found in the judicious excerpts from current quarterly literature and critiques thereon, together with book-notices always marvellously helpful to book-buyers. The current number is adorned with a life-like portrait of a layman to whom God has given gold enough, and grace to invest it in Christian charities for the past three years at the rate of a thousand dollars a day. May the days of George I. Seney be many "to shovel out the gold that God shovels in!"

A summer temperance training-school, of which Miss Frances E. Willard is to be dean, assisted by the prominent leaders of the W. C. T. Union, will be opened at Lake Bluff, Aug. 10. The sessions will continue until the 22d. The object of the institution is to train women to the efficient execution of temperance work in all its forms, and especially in the best measures to secure prohibitory law in all the States. With women to push the enterprise, there can be no doubt of its success. Lake Bluff is on the Lake Shore, within an hour's railroad ride from Chicago. There will be able lectures on practical questions in social science and philosophy from well-trained women, and the services will be made both interesting and profitable.

### Editorial Items.

How can our camp-meetings be made the sources of great spiritual power? This is a question which interests every real Methodist. The camp-meeting is no longer an institution peculiar to our church. The other denominations have taken it up, to a considerable extent. The enemies of God, and truth, and good morals, have made it an instrument of scattering their baleful doctrines. With us there have been changes in the form and management of camp-meetings which are almost equivalent to a revolution. Cottage life has had a peculiar, if not disastrous, effect upon the spiritual influence of these meetings. Here, as elsewhere, the changes wrought by time and circumstances demand new measures. It is idle to talk of crowding this growth back into the original acorn; it can never be done. What can we do, with things as they are?

First, let every minister and member stop talking about the death and decay of camp-meetings. Suppose they are not what they once were. In this they are like everything else. We live in a changing world; it does not follow that change is death. Let us not talk ourselves into unbelief and weakness. It were far better to use the language of faith and courage, and say we can, and will, adapt ourselves to circumstances, and make these changes contribute to the advancement of the cause, and the glory of God.

Secondly, one great difficulty, apparent to every earnest worker at the camp-meetings, is the absence of the pastors of churches, and pastors, too, over churches which have tents on the ground. It seems to have become the fashion of late years for many of the pastors occupying prominent pulpits to absent themselves from the meetings where their churches attend. They may go for a day or two, look in upon the meetings, perhaps preach a sermon; then leave for some other meeting, or more likely for the shore or woods, where they are spending their vacation, while their poor, discouraged people are left to struggle on as best they may. There have been some notable instances of feebleness of health on camp-meeting week on the part of some of our leading ministers. Year after year they have absented themselves, and have never done a single day's vigorous work to help the cause or encourage their people. Smaller preachers naturally copy the example of the leaders, and hence there has been a lack of ministerial service in the social and public meetings. Where there have been faithful and laborious pastors, the tents have been crowded and great good has been accomplished. Where pastors have been off fishing and hunting and recreating, the tents have been empty and desolation and discouragement have been written on all the walls. It is a plain case, that the minister ought to be present with his people at the camp-meeting. If he must have a vacation, let him take it at some other time. Let every minister stand in his lot and place, and much will have been done to restore spiritual power to the camp-meeting.

Thirdly, there is a great responsibility resting upon all our members who attend these meetings. For many of them go for simple rest and recreation. Seeking for rest is not to be condemned—it is right and proper—but when the meeting is in progress, when services are being held at the stand or in the society tent, there ought to be a feeling of personal responsibility for the results. Perhaps the prayer, or song, or testimony, of some brother or sister, lingering in the cottages, is all that is needed to turn the tide of victory on Zion's side. For lack of so little the battle is lost, when it might have been gained. Surely, there ought to be a conscience in regard to these things. The example of church members goes a great way. If they stay away from the means of grace at the stand, or in the tents, the unconverted will do the same, and there is no persuasion that can counteract the bad example of church members in this respect. When will the people of God learn that example is more powerful than precept? and when will they come to feel that they are responsible for what they might do, and for what they do not do? Surely, if ministers and people will go to work with all their might, mind, and strength, if they will consecrate themselves anew to the service of the Master and set a good example of Christian faithfulness and devotion, the days of power will return, and our camp-meetings will witness the wonderful works of God as in the ancient days.

The excellent body of commissioners, appointed by President Arthur to supervise the execution of the new law in reference to Mormon polygamy, has had a preliminary meeting in Chicago. It has charge of the elections; all polygamists being forbidden to hold political offices. But already the Mormons have arranged to evade the law. Candidates for office will be selected from among those who, although hearty disciples of the faith, have but one wife, or who have, as leading Mormons have already done, outwardly separated themselves from all but one of their wives, and thus apparently avoided the exclusion from office by the letter of the law. The chief benefit arising from the Edmunds' statute will be to reveal the seriousness and persistency of the evil and the necessity of still more efficient measures for its eradication. It only remains for the government to take into its own hands the administration of the territory, appoint its own officers, develop the "gentle" element, and secure the prompt and effectual administration of the law of the land against the adulterous customs of polygamy. This is in the way of being made to appear more necessary through the action of the Mormon leaders. They have deliberately determined, in open conference, to evade the law if possible; and if this cannot be done, to obstinately disobey it at any cost. The evil is one that grows in difficulty of solution every day, through the increase of immigration and the growth of the Mor-

mon population. The coming elections, under the supervision of the commissioners, will show whether the late law is likely to result in any change for the better in the character of the territorial legislature, and whether there is any probability of its abating the great crime against nature and Christian civilization.

Death has removed an honored citizen from a long period of conspicuous service for the Republic. In the death of George P. Marsh, the country and the world lose a cultivated scholar, an educated statesman, and a Christian gentleman, honoring everywhere abroad his native land, and constantly rendering valuable service to his traveling fellow-citizens. He died last week at Vallombrosa, Italy, eighty years of age. He was a Vermonter by birth; Woodstock being his native town. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1820, and afterwards studied law. He commenced his political life in 1835, as a member of the executive council of his native State. He became a representative in congress in 1840, a minister to Constantinople in 1849; and in 1852 he had a special mission to Greece. In 1861 President Lincoln appointed him as the first American minister to the new kingdom of Italy, where he has remained, greatly esteemed and respected, until his death.

Mr. Marsh has, during all his public service, found time, by diligent study, to add a number of valuable volumes to the literature of science, especially on the development of language, on "Man and Nature," etc. He has contributed, also, valuable papers to the periodical press, and delivered able courses of academic lectures. He has been recognized abroad as an able scholar in philosophy and commanded universal respect.

### BRIEF MENTION.

We had a short visit last week from Rev. D. R. Lowell, the pastor of the M. E. Church, Rutland, Vermont. He is enjoying a short vacation on the Cape and its vicinity.

Rev. G. S. Butters writes from Barre, J. V. 26: "Last Sunday afternoon Rev. J. W. Mowry, of the New England Conference passed peacefully to his rest." Brother M. has been one of our most laborious, devoted and efficient preachers in the years of his physical vigor.

The August number of *Our Dumb Animals*, just published, contains full directions, illustrated by cuts, of "How to Kill Domestic Animals Humanely." To supply the public, the Society has printed 5,000 extra copies. Every person owning a domestic animal can obtain a copy, without charge, by calling or sending to the Society's office, 96 Tremont Street.

A correspondent from Bennett Seminary, N. C., writes glowingly of the faithful labors and remarkable success of Prof. W. F. Steele, in his new and difficult sphere. The attendance of students is large and increasing, and the recent Commencement exercises were of a high character.

Rev. W. N. Richardson writes from East Saugus, July 26: "Sister Newhall, wife of Bro. Fales Newhall, and mother of Rev. Dr. F. H. Newhall, died in great peace this morning at 3 o'clock. Sister N. was one of our oldest members and has been with this church from the beginning of its history. 'Our people die well.'"

The writers of obituaries seem to have little idea how many are sent to us; often a score in one week. They are sent in the view of a possible pruning and at a delay in their appearance. We do not abbreviate them; we simply correct errors; and we insert them as rapidly as the pressure upon our columns permits. We never refuse to print. If one fails to appear, it is because it fails to reach us.

The quarterly *Manual of the M. E. Church*, for July, is issued. It is full of interesting and important information upon all the great general interests of the church. It should be in the hand of every member. It is only fifty cents a year.

R. Worthington, New York, announces for immediate publication, Mr. Theodore Tilton's new book entitled "Swedish Stories," consisting of eighteen tales, legendary, historical and fanciful, some tragic and others humorous, done in various metres and all in rhyme. 1 vol., 12mo.

The fullest, neatest and best-arranged church directory which we have seen is one just received from the M. E. Church of Pittsfield, Mass. It was compiled by its pastor, Rev. George Skene, assisted by Henry S. Taylor and William Renne.

Rev. K. A. Burnell, the well-known evangelist, east and west, closes on Aug. 6 a quarter of a century of Christian work. Many are now living who will gratefully remember the genial-spirited lay-minister as a spiritual father, and many, blessed by his labors, have already borne testimony among the redeemed. Mr. Burnell's address is 322 Adams Street, Chicago.

What is the use of newspapers? A correspondent addresses a letter to this office in reference to the *Zion's Herald*. "E. D. Winslow," as publisher of *Zion's Herald*, writes: 'Where has the paper been for the last dozen years? A great many things have happened since E. D. W. was published! Indeed, the person referred to has, without the sanction of law, changed his own name, and resides nearly at the other extremity of the American continent—possibly for sanitary reasons!'

Massachusetts has no lack of the best material everywhere for her governors. She has been honored and faithfully served by Gov. Long, for the last three years. Upon the probability that he might be advanced to some higher political service, a number of excellent names have been publicly mentioned for the executive chair. Among these we notice, with pleasure, that of our esteemed townsman of Newton Centre, Hon. K. B. Bishop, president of the State Senate. No worthier name could be spoken. Accomplished in his profession, with much legislative experience, pronounced in his views on the temperance reform, and, withal, a courteous Christian gentleman, Massachusetts may safely commit the keeping of her public interests into his well-trained and faithful hands.

The *Bibliotheca Sacra*, for July, opens with a paper by James Davis Butler, LL. D., Madison, Wis., upon "Medieval Schools." Rev. Dr. A. N. Arnold, late a missionary, has a contribution upon "Greece as a European Kingdom." Dr. Kellogg, of the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., writes upon the "Legend of Buddha, and the Life of Christ." Prof. Archibald Duff, of Alredale College, Eng., has a second paper, giving a very able and calm "History of Rec. red

Concerning the Structure of Old Testament Historical Books." Rev. W. H. Cobb writes upon "The Integrity of the Book of Isaiah." No. X of the papers on Theological Education—the "Study of Languages Cognate with Hebrew"—is given. The last paper is the "Sacred Books of the East," by Rev. C. W. Park. There is a full table of reviews of current literature.

Dr. Daniel Rochester, presiding elder of North Boston District, has prepared a very valuable tract. It is entitled, "Giving and Worship; or the Old and New Testament View of the practical divorce of the two elements of worship in our modern churches, the perpetual nature of the bond, and, finally, its advantages. The whole is impressively written and fully illustrated. The tract can be had at Mr. Magee's at a small price, and should be placed in the hands of every church member.

Dr. Edward Cooke has had some return of the severe attack which quite prostrated him just before the Commencement at Middlebury University, Orangeburg, S. C., since he reached his home in Newton Centre. He has been obliged to keep absolutely quiet, but is now more comfortable. He is able to go out a little, but his ability to resume his duties at the South is respected. He is an absolute rest during the coming months. We sincerely hope that his invaluable services in the university of which he is the honored and very successful head, are not to be so prematurely lost.

Mrs. Ann C. wife of the late Rev. Geo. Bowler, formerly of the New England, and at his death, a member of the New Hampshire Conference, died, after a long period of weakness, in Nashua, N. H. For a number of weeks, through softening of the brain, she has been unable to hold rational conversation with her family. She was a lovely and devoted Christian, greatly respected in the community where she has lived since her husband's death. Her four sons, to whose care and education she gave herself with singular constancy, bore her to the grave. Two of these are ministers; one is in the New Hampshire and the other in the New England Southern Conference. The other sons are in business. One daughter survives, living in Nashua.

Sampson, Davenport & Co. issue a fresh, corrected edition of their Boston Directory. It now makes a stout octavo of over 1,500 pages. It is very neatly and substantially published, and leaves little to be desired in correctness and fulness for a city manual. Price, 65c.

There seems to be, at least, some small advantage at times, in being a Unitarian. While sweltering on one of the prepping days of last week, we opened our lives and daily exchange, the *Christian Register*, and were startled to read, as the heading of an article, "A Little More Heat!" "We are too cold, we Unitarians," says the writer, "especially we Eastern Unitarians, and there is no use denying it." This was written to be read in the week when the thermometer reached sixty-six in the shade. Come into a Methodist prayer-meeting next January, good brother, and get thoroughly warmed up!

Dr. W. H. De Puy, assistant editor of the *Christian Advocate*, returned safely to his chair from his short European trip. He gives, in the last number of the *Advocate*, a very interesting series of notes upon his tour, especially of his visit in Paris and in London. In the former city he met Dr. and Mrs. Abel Stevens, who were in fine health.

Mr. Spurgeon, in a recent interview with Dr. De Puy, of the *Christian Advocate*, "seemed to feel," writes the Doctor to his paper, "a real sorrow over the fact [that he had no sympathy with the close-connection feature of the Baptist churches of America]; and expressed surprise and indignation that, in reporting his sermons in America, some of his friends had so modified them as to expunge all reference to questions of communion."

Dr. Henry B. Ridgway called upon us on his way from his eastern visit and offered services in Portland and vicinity. He makes a short stay with his brother-in-law, Rev. E. S. Best, at Monson. He enters upon his new work, as professor of historical theology at Evanson, with the coming fall term. He brings the vigor of manhood, a fine scholarship, a model pulpit habit, and a devotedness to his work, to his new and responsible office. Our heartiest wishes for his highest success go with him.

About the feeblest newspaper correspondent after whom we try to read, is the writer of the "American Notes" in the *Methodist* (London). He has lifted up his weak voice, as his new and responsible office, he entirely mistakes the point in the note of the *Christian at Work* to which he refers, as that paper mistook the use of the term in the note of our paper upon which it remarked. We did not think it necessary to notice the fact at the time. We never for once notified that an acceptance of "substantive" was a mistake, and we were necessary; but stated that this had been the form in which the professor referred to had heretofore subscribed to the creed of the Seminary, without wounding his conscience. The editor of *Zion's Herald* never, for a moment, oscillated between liberalism and orthodoxy concerning the Andover imbroglio! We are not grateful to this writer, but simply disgusted with the compliment he pays to us, and we unhesitatingly affirm that it would be impossible to pen a more pronounced falsehood than his statement, "that a firm and outspoken loyalty to a strict and staunch orthodoxy is sadly wanting in [the *Zion's Herald's* columns." The most conspicuous element of this writer, with the exception of his dense stupidity, has been his un-American attitude. The position he seems to hold as the American representative of the English paper gives his utterances a weight that he does not deserve. "From all such, good Lord deliver us!" We humbly hope the writer will be entirely satisfied with the "outspoken" frankness of this note.

Many of our readers have read, with feelings of pain and indignation, the scandalous article, copied into the *Sunday Globe*, which originally appeared in the *Cincinnati Enquirer* in reference to Bishop Peck. No one could read it through, even without cursing the facts upon which it is based, and we unhesitatingly affirm that it is an outrage to the privacy which is always accorded to a gentleman's domestic relations, and could only have been inspired by personal malignity. The article first appeared when the Bishop's life seemed to be drawing to a close, and his health forbade a response to the incidents out of which the story is woven we know nothing; but the *Northern Advocate*, published in the city of the Bishop's residence, which contained a full account of the jubilee referred to in the newspaper report, after speaking of the public estimation of the newspaper source from which the story originated, says, in closing:—

"But the article bears upon its face the evidence of a defamatory purpose, and its publication just when it was supposed that the lips that would contradict it were soon to be sealed in death was a piece of cowardly impudence that ought to place its author

and publisher beyond rebuke. Neither do we need any vindictive feelings. We are not acting but, at our own risk, we say that the facts in this case are the reverse of the truth, and that the Bishop's reputation is true brotherly affection with his well-knowning sister."

### The

MASSACHUSETTS. Boston, Bromfield, present active and high degree of aggregations are in the hot weather, and are of being converted and are times of every Sunday in July.

Warren.—Fornetted by the re was sufficient of other.

Topsfield.—R doing a good work great practical water, and long and together with the of his excellent and efficient labor.

Bond's Village. pers. Large arrangements, reclaimed ing, hearty promises in business promise for the Duck Cornet Band gave their service party.

Weymouth. spending a part Prof. Phillips, now in Europe, the fall term.

Westfield.—T graduates who versity at Middle age, have been Seney prizes for Frederick Woods, has the second prize won son of T. Jefferson.

Easthampton. takes a three-week ticut.

Greenfield.—The illness of Nichols. The were cold an actual fever, in a suspend labor of society kindly cation. The sym many follow his speedy restoration will be complete nationalists were courtesies of f while the church

Milton.—A friends and re Clum and Miss Josiah Webb Webb's residence, last evening of Mr. Clum a money. Rev. pastor of the performed the wedding place. The G the wedding tions suited to sent to the costly, and w hall for inspection.

South Wal. vine favor. For a few weeks has been felt. A number of others are seen

The good of the parsonage fourth anniversary. The Tuesday was a perfect of the parson of the pastor a the dining-room people, the Church press silver ice other useful of love and







## The Family.

### CONSECRATION.

BY KATE MARADEN.

I have come to Thee, my Saviour;  
I have felt my sins forgiven  
And I know that Thou dost save me,  
Hast for me a home in heaven;  
But my heart oft wanders from Thee,  
I am weak and full of sin,  
I renew my consecration,  
Saviour, come, and make me clean.  
Jesus, when I strive to serve Thee  
As a faithful follower should,  
Evil will be present with me  
Often, when I would do good.  
When I'm longing to be counted  
To my Lord and Master true,  
Then the good I would do I do not,  
What I would not, that I do.  
Now I come and plead Thy promise—  
"Ask in faith, thou shalt receive."  
Then "My grace sufficeth for thee,"  
Jesus, cleanse! I do believe,  
Oh, this "utmost salvation"  
Purifies from every stain,  
It can make the heart a temple  
Where our blessed Lord may reign.  
Jesus, may I ever serve Thee,  
Always trust in Thee to save,  
For to earth a man Thou camest,  
And Thy life so freely gave;  
All because of love to sinners,  
Thou, our great Redeemer, died;  
On the cross didn't bleed and suffer,  
Wounded in Thy precious side.  
Lord, accept my consecration,  
Home and life and talents—all  
To Thy service I surrender;  
I am ready at Thy call  
To go forth and do Thy bidding;  
Only keep me true to Thee,  
Till on earth my work is ended  
And I am from sin set free.

### REST TO OUR SOULS.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

I very seldom get time to run into a neighbor's with my work, for one can't conveniently take from home such work as is given me to do.  
But yesterday I had button-holes to make, and I always need special consolation when that work is before me; so I took the garment and twist, and went to spend an hour with my friend, Mrs. Dunlap, who always makes me at peace with myself by showing her appreciation of my efforts to do right the work I don't like to do. I was born both lazy and fastidious, so I have to go often to Sister Dunlap, else I should live in a chronic state of disgust with myself.  
I had been there but a little while when Mrs. Dunlap came in, and, pulling her work from her shopping-bag, she said with a sigh,—  
"This is one of my days when I waste my fragrance on the desert air. I had three callers this morning of the stolidus-a-um order, and a gentleman to dinner who spoke of Scott as an American writer, and Milton and Shakespeare as still living. Mary was at the table, and she told him that Shakespeare died last week and was buried in Chicago. I felt in my bones this morning that it was going to be a hard day—a day of crosses and penances—so I went to my 'Garden of Spices,' for something to help me through."  
"Did you find it?" I asked, thinking she was inclined to say no more on the subject.  
"What makes you like Rutherford so much?" asked Mrs. Dunlap, almost at the same time. "And what did you find, and what did it remind you of?" she added.  
"Yes, I found the help, I always do," she answered, after several minutes of silence. "I like him because his quaint expressions just suit the mood I am in when I go to him. What I found, sent me back over my life and helped me weigh myself. I do hope that at the last I'll not be found wanting. What I found was something like this: 'O, I am made of unbelief, and cannot swim but where my feet touch ground.' The first time I bathed in the ocean was at Cape Cod when I was a girl. We went out from Chatham a few miles to 'The Island,' and when we stepped into the water it was at a place where it was four or five feet deep. The water was so heavy I could not sink, and I cried out, 'I can't touch the ground! Somebody push me down!' Amid shouts of laughter my friends replied, 'But you wanted to swim.' When I read the words of Rutherford, that experience came back, and the thoughts ran along over the many years of my Christian life, and I found that every time when I have doubted or distrusted God's goodness it was the same experience over again—it was what I wanted and needed, but my feet didn't touch the ground and I was afraid. In my early Christian life I told God that I wanted to become all that I was capable of becoming; I wanted to know all the length and breadth and height and depth of the love of Christ; I wanted to go out into deep waters; and still, all this time, I have clung to the shore and would not of my own accord go out. When I have expressed to this or that saint a wish that it was possible for me to conquer besetting sins, root

out evil thoughts and tempers, and have only holy desires in my heart, I have been told that 'God would do the work, if I'd lay all on the altar.' And then they would pour over me cant phrases until my senses were stunned and I wished the good souls were back in their places singing themselves away to everlasting bliss. I've been trying to work out my own salvation with fear and trembling as God has given me light. My work on earth is not yet ended, so my salvation at the close of life is not assured; but I know now that I am saved and I have found a rest to my soul that is wonderful."  
"Don't little trials disturb you?" I asked from my corner, for I knew how calmly she had passed through great ones.  
"Only the surface is troubled," she replied. "I found the rest for which we are all sighing only when I stepped out into the deep water. I found that I had something to do. As soon as I, by my act of faith, put myself where I could swim, God by a gradual process has shown me how. He does His work by the teaching; we our work by the act of faith."  
"How are we going to keep in the deep water?" inquired Mrs. Dunlap.  
"I have been out there several times and felt the delight of trusting, but the sight of a coming wave sent me where I could touch bottom. How can we stay out there?"  
"I see no way but by a continuous exercise of faith. I, too, have run ashore many a time when I saw only the white caps of the waves, and was afraid there might a storm arise," was the reply. "I know that if we really want to grow, we must be constantly willing for God to work in us all the good pleasure of His will. I want to go on in this life of trust until I reach perfection, and awake in His likeness satisfied. I think I have often been discouraged over my slow growth. I demanded of myself maturity of growth, which can only be the result of the transforming power of the Holy Spirit who causes us to grow up into Christ in all things. I've often been like Charlie Green, who cried one day when he was about six years old because he was not a man. We forget that God will do His own work in His own way; we toil, and stretch, and ache, because our instinct for growth is not gratified. I have come to the conclusion that if we abide in the Vine, God takes care of the growth. He gives the right soil, the proper amount of cloud and sunshine, and He takes care of the pruning of the branches."  
"I used to worry," she added, "because I brought forth so little fruit, and what little I did bring I was never very proud of—nothing large, and ripe, and luscious, that had to be borne on a stove and shown as a sample of what the country could produce. What I have done never was sounded abroad. You see, I never could make any claims to greatness. I have not read everything, like Sister Lyon; I am not brilliant and witty, like Sister Parrott; I am not sweet, winning and handsome, like Sister Robbins; I cannot sing, like Sister Nightingale; I cannot pray and talk in meetings, like Sister Jay. All I can do is to care for my babies, make home pleasant for Edward, say a kind word to those who are hungry for kind words, and try every day to make people comfortable and happy. But I used to let my insignificance in the world trouble me, until I found out that God knew best what place He wanted me in and what work He wanted me to do. Still there were little duties I used to shirk, though all I had, seemed so small and of little worth. At last I gave up puzzling over my life-work and said, 'Lord, if it is dish-washing that I was sent into the world to do, dish-washing it shall be, and it shall be joyfully done. If it is teaching in Sunday-School—Thou knowest best whether I can do that—teaching it shall be. If it is calling on strangers—and I'd rather learn Kensington stitch, badly as I hate fancy-work, than make a formal call—calls it shall be. If it is speaking to strangers in church, or going to and even taking part in the prayer-meeting, I'll do even that, and if it is Thy will I'm going to love to do it.'"  
"I fancy sometimes," she continued, "that God took me at my word when I said, years ago, 'Lead Thou me on;' and He knew just what discipline I required to get pruned into the right shape. If God's will is our will, the hard things in life are always made easy. It is the way we look at things that makes them crosses. If Christ is in the bitter fountain, will not the waters taste sweet?"  
"Have you actually learned to like people whom you used to dislike? And do you like everything which you could not once tolerate?"

asked Mrs. Dunlap, in a hesitating voice, for she knew as well as I the strong likes and dislikes of Mrs. Dunlap in former years.  
"Tolerably well," as the Scotchman said to his dying wife when she asked if she'd done her duty as a wife. I like house-work now; I used to hate it. I like sewing, and I used to hate that. I don't find so many disagreeable people as I used to, and if I do find one I ought to like and it comes hard, why, I fight it out and come off conqueror and like them 'tolerably well.' I am now about the day after I was born. But I've got 'lots of experience,' as the colored people say. Who said that the same amount of grace that made John 'the beloved disciple,' would hardly keep Peter from knocking a man down?"  
"I don't hear you mourning over your mistakes now. Don't you make any?" I bluntly asked, for I wanted to find out if she felt the same confidence in herself that others have felt.  
"I seldom say much about my mistakes, and I never rebel over them. I used to think it was the mistakes I had made that caused many of my trials. I believe that God allowed me to commit the blunders, and because I could commit them I needed the living of them out. I used to chafe and fret, but that hindered me in my spiritual life. I never dare think what 'might have been.' There is no 'might have been' to the Christian who is led by God. I have no doubt but what I have really been more blessed in the bitter trials of life, (often caused by my own thoughtlessness) than in any other way."  
"If we believe God leads us," she added, "we do believe that we take to Him our cares, our efforts, failures and mistakes; and if we take them to Him and leave them with Him, how can we worry about them? Trust and worry can't live in the same heart. If we want rest, we must cast worry out. We can if we will. If we really want to live as God requires, we shall so trust Him that His yoke will be easy, the burden He gives us will be light, because He carries it for us; and in the life-work we shall constantly find rest to our souls."  
Here the door-bell rang, and our conversation ceased; but I've asked myself so many times to-day this question, "Is it only trust in God, and self-abnegation, that makes the yoke easy, the burden light, and gives rest to our souls?"  
Manhattan, Kansas.

### THE END.

The course of the warlike river  
Ends in the great sea;  
The acorn, forever and ever,  
Strives upward to the tree.  
The rainbow, the sky adorning,  
Shines promise through the storm;  
The glimmer of coming morning  
Through midnight gloom will form.  
By time all knots are riven,  
Complex all things are given,  
And peace will at last be given,  
Dear, both to you and to me.  
Then, though the path may be dreary,  
Look onward to the goal;  
Though the heart and the head be weary,  
Yet the sunrise glids the light;  
Seek the right, though the wrong be tempting,  
Speak the truth at any cost;  
Vain is all weak exemption  
When once the gem is lost.  
Let strong hand and keen eye be ready  
For the future pledge supplied;  
Thought earnest and fancy steady  
Bear best unto the close.  
The heavy clouds may be raining,  
But with evening comes the light;  
Though the dark low winds are complaining,  
Yet the sunrise glids the light;  
And love has his hidden treasure  
For the patient and the pure;  
And time gives his fullest measure  
To the workers who endure;  
And the Word that no law has shaken  
Leads us all to the light;  
For we know that when we "awaken"  
We shall be "satisfied."  
—Tinsley Magazine.

### ALL FOR HIM.

BY MRS. M. J. TAYLOR.

There can be no service so ennobling, so worthy of man's God-endowed nature, as that which freely returns the ripe, rich fruits of all its powers to the divine Giver.  
Do you possess talent, wealth, beauty, influence, position? Use all for Him. Give as He hath given unto you. There is need of all your endowments in the world's work; and, used for His creature, it is as if done unto Him. Your wealth of mind, pocket, and heart, is all needed, for the earth is full of those poor for lack of love, learning and temporal blessings.  
And think only of your own benefits! What if you were like that poor musing idiot? What loss of these exalting intellectual pleasures your life would then know! This vigorous mentality which reaches out its tentacles in all directions—feeling, thinking, acting—how it would lie, a shriveled, torpid abortion, washed up along the shores of Consciousness! Use, then, these priceless powers—your talent's fullest, healthiest outgrowth—for Him who gave them! Direct them into whatever channel you will, so only the end be for the glory of Him in the good of His children.  
Your influence—let it be far-reaching or circumscribed—should be for the One whose love floods round your life, lifting you up and giving you power among men. And beauty—be it physical

local, intellectual or moral—should be considered consecrated and holy; not vainly pampered, or leveled to unsanctified uses, or over-estimated; but treasured as a sweet flower from heaven whose fragrance and purity shall lure souls heavenward, till they behold the One "altogether lovely."  
And why not? You are His witnesses unto a careless world. He has given you all these rare powers of mind, soul and body; has instructed you how to use them so as to achieve the most for yourself and others; but has left the choice to your free will. What shall it be?  
Unused talents lose their strength and fall short of their God-given possibilities. Consecrated talents become powerful for good, reaching higher ends than our best planings could have attained. Sink, then, all your life in Christ! Let every thought be toward Him; every act for Him; every step after Him! Directly or indirectly, use all for Him, and you will see that  
"For simple faith and self-renunciation  
The Father yieldeth back a hundredfold."  
City People in the Country.  
City people go to the country for health. Most who do so gain somewhat in vigor, but mainly because of the change in one's current of thought, relief from mental strain, simpler diet, and more physical exercise. But they often lose much they might gain, and if not prostrated by sickness, very many carry home the seeds of disease, that earlier or later develop into suffering if not ultimately in death. And this because of ignorance or neglect on a single point. The pavements or hard surfaces of city streets, the brick walls and even the wooden ones of the houses, absorb heat during the day and retain it up to midnight, partially until morning. This heat radiates slowly from such surfaces, and air currents, obstructed by the buildings, do not circulate freely to carry heat away. For this reason city people can sit on the porches or verandas, or in rooms with windows all open, until a late hour, without any marked chilliness. But in the country, the soil and vegetation quickly radiate into the air the day's accumulation of warmth, and before the sun touches the horizon the temperature of the atmosphere is rapidly falling. Hence those who carry city habits to the country, sitting out doors or before open windows in the evening, neglecting to put on additional clothing at sundown, and more at a later hour if needed, are pretty sure to lay the foundation of catarrhs, colds, and lung complaints, or other diseases, that largely counteract, if not entirely overbalance, the benefit derived. Attention to this one item will in most cases, in connection with the other advantages named above, make a few months, weeks, or days even, of country life, a largely successful one. To every dweller in our densely populated city.—American Agriculturist.

### AUNT SUSAN'S SUGGESTIONS TO A FRETFUL WIFE.

"Hester!" exclaimed Aunt Susan, ceasing her rocking and knitting, and sitting upright. "Do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?"  
"What do you mean?" was the startled reply.  
"He will marry the sweetest-tempered girl he can find."  
"Oh, auntie!" Hester began.  
"Don't interrupt me until I've finished," said Aunt Susan, leaning back and taking up her knitting. "She may not be as good a house-keeper as you are—in fact, I think not; but she will be good-natured. She may not even love him as well as you do; but she will be good-natured."  
"Why, auntie—"  
"That isn't all," continued Aunt Susan. "Every day you live you are making more of your husband. You are in love with that good-natured woman; you may take your place some day. After Mr. and Mrs. Harrington left you the other night, the only remark he made about them was: 'She is a sweet woman.'"  
"Oh, auntie—"  
"That isn't all," composedly continued Aunt Susan. "To-day your husband was half way across the kitchen floor, bringing you the first ripe peaches, and all you did was to look on, and say: 'There, Will, just see your tracks on my clean floor!' I wouldn't have my floors all tracked up! Some men would have thrown the peaches out of the window. To-day you screwed up your face when he kissed you, because his moustache was damp, and said: 'I never want you to kiss me again.' When he empties anything, you tell him not to spill it; when he lifts anything, you tell him not to break it. From morning until night your sharp voice is heard complaining and fault-finding. And last winter, when you were sick, you scolded him about the pump to freeze, and took no notice when he said: 'I was so anxious about you that I did not think of the pump.'"  
"But, auntie—"  
"Hearken, child. The strongest and most intelligent of them all care more for a woman's tenderness than for anything else in the world; and without this the clearest and most perfect housekeeper is of no use to her husband's affection in time. There may be a few more men like Will—as gentle, as loving, as chivalrous, as forgetful of self, and so satisfied with loving that their selfishness will be a long, strong, clinging death; but in most cases it takes but a few years of fretfulness and fault-finding to turn a husband's love into irritated indifference."  
"Yes, well! you are not dead yet, and that sweet-natured woman has not been found; so you have time to become so serene and sweet that your husband can never imagine that there is a better-tempered woman in existence."—Ex.

### A SWEDISH POEM.

It matters little where I was born,  
If my parents were rich or poor;  
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,  
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure.  
But whether I live an honest man,  
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,  
I tell you, my brother, plain as I am,  
It matters much!  
It matters little how long I stay  
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;  
In matters little or naught to me, my way,  
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;  
But whether I do the best that I can,  
To soften the weight of adversity's touch  
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,  
It matters much!  
It matters little where my grave,  
On land or on the sea;  
By purpling brook or heath stormy wave,  
Or whether the angel Death comes down,  
And marks my brow with his loving touch,  
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,  
It matters much!  
—Baptist Weekly.

### DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

There's many a trouble  
Would break like a bubble,  
And into the waters of Lethe depart,  
Did not we rehearse it,  
And tenderly nurse it,  
And give it a permanent place in the heart.  
There's many a sorrow  
Would vanish tomorrow,  
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings;  
So sadly intruding  
And quietly brooding,  
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.  
How welcome the seeming  
Of looks that are beaming,  
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor;  
Eyes bright as a berry,  
Cheeks red as a cherry,  
The groan and the curse and the heart-ache can cure.  
Resolved, to be merry,  
And utterly to tarry,  
Across the famed waters that bid us forget it;  
And no longer fearful,  
But happy and cheerful,  
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.  
—Selected.

### The Little Folks.

#### MAMIE'S WAY.

BY MISS ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

Mamie's home is in the country, close by a beautiful green field all dotted with golden dandelions. On one side of the house is a large, flat rock—just the place for playing housekeeping. Mamie's large family of dolls has had many a nice tea there, and in the long summer vacation days when the city cousins come, the great rock, and the shady yard, and the old house with its big garret, echo the happy voices from early morning till late at night. Dearly as Mamie loves her dolls and her pet kittens, they are not quite as good playfellows as real, live children. I think this is the reason why she is in such a hurry to get back to school in the afternoon; she can hardly stop long enough to eat her dinner, so eager is she to have a long play before the bell rings.  
One day she was in even more of a hurry than usual. "O, I must go early this afternoon," she cried, "I'm going to help pass the plates."  
"Why, puss, you don't want to go yet. It's half an hour to school-time," said sister May. But Mamie was almost at the door, when her papa called her.  
"Come back, Mamie," he said. "I don't want you hanging round the school-house half an hour."  
What do you think the little girl did? I listened to hear her say, "O Papa, can't I go? I must, papa, because I'm going to help pass the plates. Say, can't I?" But Mamie knew a better way than teasing.  
She stood still a minute, and a little shadow crept over her face; then, without saying a word, she went into the parlor, and soon I heard the piano going, softly, as if some one were thinking and playing at the same time. Then came careful practicing—a march which I knew was Mamie's last music-lesson. When some minutes had passed, she called,—  
"May I go now, Papa?"  
"Yes, run along now," he said; and off she ran, as happy as a bird.

### Miscellany.

#### APPRENTICESHIP.

Every craft that has power or excellence in its exercise has its apprenticeship and there is no road to mastery except by this way of probation. Goethe will try his hand at many things before Faust is finished upon his writing table; Carlyle will spend years in hard study, and fill the pages of encyclopedias with laborious articles on many themes, before he astonishes the world with the essay on Burns; Huxley will serve a long apprenticeship of drudgery before he wins the attention of scientists; Edison will make numberless experiments before he sends half a dozen messages simultaneously along a dozen messenger wires.—Christian Union.

#### THE UNKNOWN.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,  
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,  
Half willing, half-reluctant to be led  
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,  
And shut the door upon the open door,  
Nor wholly reassured and comforted  
By promises of others in their stead,  
Whence comes his splendid, may not please  
him more.  
So nature deals with us and takes away  
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand  
Leads us to rest so gently that we go,  
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,  
Being too full of sleep to understand  
How far the unknown transcends the what  
we know.  
—Longfellow.

#### TRUE SIGHT.

Let us hesitate before we condole with a brother who is under the chastisement of our loving Father in heaven. Be careful how you condole with a man who has lost his money and saved his good name—or congratulate the man who has made a million at the expense of his piety. When a Christian is toppled over from a dizzy and dangerous height, and "brought down to hard-pan," he is brought down to the solid rock at the same time; in the valley of humiliation he has more of the joy of God's countenance, and wears more of the herb called "heart's-ease" in his bosom, than he ever did in the days of his giddy prosperity. Sickness has often brought to a man spiritual recovery; suffering has often wrought out for him an exceeding weight of glory. The writer of this paragraph has lately been led through a very shadowy pathway of trial; but it has never been so dark that he could not see to read some precious promises that glowed like diamonds. The adversary tries hard to break our lamp, and to steal our diamonds in those dark passage-ways of trial. We need good eyesight in such times of trouble, so as not to stumble, or to lose sight of the Comforter, or of the bright light which shines at the end of the way.—Dr. Cuyler.

#### "TEMPERANCE FANATICISM."

The Chicago Interior puts the whole question of "temperance fanaticism" in the following terse and unmistakable terms: "The various protective unions of the distillers and brewers and saloon-keepers ought to understand that they have brought the present high

tide of 'temperance fanaticism,' as they call it, upon themselves—and it is no ebbing tide. It will recede somewhat, of course, but it will leave them permanently under water, with only a head or a hand above the surface in the large cities. It is not temperance fanaticism that is drowning them out, but it is the sober conviction of the great level-headed masses that the liquor traffic cannot be trusted. It is the conviction drawn from experience that they are uncontrollable and dangerous to the peace and safety and prosperity of society. The objection is not to the German taking his glass of lager, or the Frenchman his glass of wine; but the objection is, that wherever saloons are permitted, they make dangerous nuisances of themselves. They supply maddening liquors to dissolute men, seduce boys, paralyze labor, waste the poor man's substance, and become the centres of noise and riots, and the sources of crime. They depreciate the value of contiguous property, and are in every way plague-spots in our towns and cities. It would be possible to conduct the business in a way that would not excite public indignation, but there is not sufficient moral character among them to do it. It is not fanaticism, or a spirit of persecution, or 'sumptuary laws' that is putting them down, but the fact that they make themselves intolerable to society, and the public have lost faith in the possibility of their ever being anything else. The day when the certificate of a saloon-keeper's good moral character, and his promise to keep an orderly house would secure public confidence, has gone by."

### For Young and Old.

#### Bits of Fun.

.... A doughnut difficulty—heavy bread.  
An Irish solution of the Egyptian difficulty: "Anah-Ah-Ah!"  
.... A little boy, proud of his new jacket, informed his sister that he was a six-button kid.  
.... Has it ever occurred to base-ball men that a milk pitcher is generally a good fly catcher?  
.... Student: "How is it, doctor, that I always take cold in my head?" Doctor: "It's a well-known principle, sir, that a cold is most likely to settle in the part of the body that is the warmest."  
.... "What made the male kick you?" they asked of the gentleman who had been seen flying through the roof of a barn. And he answered: "Do you think I was too long to go back and ask him?"  
.... Two brothers who were very successful dentists, built a large and handsome house, the appearance of which was thought to resemble a large molar tooth. It was a common remark: "See what brothers can do when they pull together!"  
.... "A reputation," says Josh Billings, "once broken may possibly be repaired, but the world will always keep their eyes on the spot where the crack was."  
.... "When I married," said Boggs to a party of gentlemen who had been bragging of the successful marriage, "I was told, 'I got a fine house and lot.' And I, gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. Boggs, entering the room just in time to hear his husband's remark, "I got a lot, the top story of which has always remained vacant."  
.... "You are as full of airs as a music-box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."  
.... "Don't you think Jerseys are too lovely for any use?" she sweetly inquired, referring to the garment so popular now. And he answered dreamily, as he clasped her soft hand in his: "Yes, they milk makes the best breakfast I ever eat in my life. You're liable to get yellow janders if you eat too much of it, though."  
.... A little Philadelphia boy had his long curls cut off by the other day, and, annoyingly reminded of the fact by the remarks of his friends. To his delight, he escaped them by going with his family to the country. Soon after his arrival, he came running into the house in great sorrow, crying, "Mamma, mamma, even the hens laugh at me; they all say, 'Cut-cut-cut-got-your-hair-cut!'"  
.... They were talking about beauty the other evening, when Miss Sundry remarked: "Well, say what you will, homely people are almost always unusually bright." Miss Brown (sotto voce): "The egoist!"  
.... Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.  
.... We cannot expect perfection in any one; but we may demand consistency of every one.—Hannah More.  
.... The feeling of a direct responsibility of the individual to God is almost wholly a creation of Protestantism.—John Stuart Mill.  
.... However early in the morning you seek the gate of access you find it already open, and however deep the midnight hour when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Saviour near.—James Hamilton.  
.... Christ does not ask of thee Faith in thy faith, but only faith in Him; and this He may only give by "Come to Me." In light and darkness seek to do His will, and leave the work of faith to Jesus still.  
.... Amusements may be lawful; devotion to them does not edify. We do not weigh them in the scale of religion and pronounce them immoral, but we deem them unworthy to absorb the time, the interest, the devotion of an earnest life.—Dr. J. W. Hough.  
.... The Christian conflict is not to be carried on by theological engineering. Our religion has often been able to defend, when in any legitimate sense it was neither preached nor practiced. In such times skepticism arises, and the man who is not able to defend, carries his own divine sanction. Like the sun in heaven, it is shown to be real by its own light and heat.—M. B. Anderson.  
.... Sin is really the source of all unbelief, and it is on this account that unbelief is always treated in the Bible as criminal and punishable. Could any skeptic be thoroughly emptied of sin, he would at once rise into faith as a balloon rises aloft when all its weights are cast out.—Rev. Dr. Burr.  
.... In commerce and trade Christianity has its indispensable place, and God's people their sphere of usefulness. The Golden Rule is the true Christian's yard-stick, and when it becomes a cheat it is disused or broken. When a church member defaults or turns swindler, he repeats the sins of Judas. Christ is betrayed, and men's faith in Bible integrity is so far shattered. A Christian merchant, manufacturer, or mechanic, has a call to serve Christ as a faithful minister.—Dr. Cuyler.  
.... Life force may go into words or it may go into deeds. The power of steam may expend itself through the cylinder or through the wheels. Steadily driven, the steam pressure of genuine love for God, is vastly more eloquent than the most rhetorically sweet sounding declarations by the human voice. There may be a religion without words; there can be none without deeds. The old proverb puts it well: "None speaks better than the act, and she says nothing."  
The changing seasons, ever coming, going, like four evangelists, His praise record; Nature herself is but a verger, showing The silent, glorious temple of the Lord.  
And when the heavenly life on earth is ended, And Christ shall touch the lingering life away,  
When He shall come, by angel guards attended, "They shall see God" through one eternal day.  
—Rev. Henry Burton.

### FROM OUR MISSION ROOMS.

Rev. J. C. Davidson, who, after nine years' labor in the Japan Mission, has returned to this country with his family for a season, reported at the Mission Rooms, July 12. He confirms all the hopeful utterances of others concerning the anticipated progress of Christianity in Japan. He finds special delight in the direct work of preaching the gospel to the people, and has made encouraging evangelistic tours in the Southern section of the country, or on the island of Kiusiu, where his permanent station (Nagasaki) is situated. Mr. Davidson's present address is Flemington, N. J.  
In the absence of Dr. MacLay Mr. Soper has acted as superintendent of the mission. We have recent intelligence of a tour of observation and evangelistic work in which the ordinances were administered at many of our stations, begun by Mr. Soper, May 2, and closed by his return to Yokohama, June 6. Dr. MacLay was expected there June 25.  
Dr. MacLay's address, on account of the removal of the Theological school from Yokohama, is now Tokio, Japan.  
In Lofcha, Bulgaria, where the governmental obstructions to our work were recently reported, Superintendent Challis has finally secured so much advantage as to proceed with the new building. The authorities will not permit it to be called a "school-house," but no conditions are imposed as to the use made of it.  
Rev. T. C. Cliff has been recently appointed, by Bishop Wiley, to the pastorate of our church in Salt Lake City, Utah. Mr. Cliff has been in charge of the church at Bloomington, Ill., and will remove, greatly to the regret of the people. His former experience in Utah, however, and other reasons, combine to render his presence and labors there, in the view of the Wesleyan people, especially important at this present time.  
RELIGIOUS ITEMS.  
An abortive attempt has been made to set aside the will of the late Sir Francis Lyttel, by which the sum of \$875,000 reveres to the Wesleyan body on the death of Lady Lyttel.  
The receipts of the great Wesleyan Methodist Thanksgiving Day in Great Britain have reached the sum of \$1,217,000.  
A course of three lectures was recently delivered in London, by Dr. E. de Pressense, under the auspices of the Christian Evidence Society. His themes were: "Theism," "Animality and Humanity," and "Origin of Divine Ideas."  
Mr. Walter C. Jones, of London, has given to the Church Missionary Society the magnificent sum of £72,000, or about \$360,000, for the development and use of the native churches of Japan and China.  
Amos Shinkle, a member of the General Methodist Book Committee in Cincinnati, residing in Covington, Ky., is building, at his own expense, a magnificent Protestant church in Japan in that city.  
Ground has been broken at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, for a union chapel. The building is intended to seat 400 persons and will cost \$6,500.  
According to an official statement, 103,000 out of the 124,902 persons reported representing the entire population of the Fiji Islands, are Wesleyans. Members of the Church of England number 1,900, and Roman Catholics 9,000.  
The rents received last year by the American Bible Society for the use of rooms in the great Bible House in New York, amounted to \$31,665.61.  
The 50,000,000 of our population have a Protestant minister for every 725 persons, and a Sabbath-school teacher for every 56. One in every five is a member of an evangelical church.  
The professing Christians of Calcutta number 30,400. Of these 11,005 are Roman Catholics, 8,768 belong to the Church of England, and 1,829 to the Church of Scotland. The rest are divided among numerous denominations.  
In San Francisco the Roman Catholics have 15 churches; the Presbyterians, 15; Methodists, 14; Episcopal, 11; Baptist, 9; Congregational, 6—in all, 86 churches, 10 chapels, and 7 synagogues for a population of about 290,000.  
The overturing giving congregations the right to use instrumental music in public worship has received the favorable votes of 515 ministers and elders in 48 presbyteries in the United Presbyterian Church. The contrary vote was 302.  
A new French mission was opened in Harlem, New York, in the Young Men's Christian Association building, on July 9, by the Rev. P. A. Seguin. Pastor Seguin was formerly a Roman Catholic priest, but is now a Baptist evangelist. He said that there were 5,000 French Catholics here, and that, starting with a mission, it was the intention ultimately to build a church.  
A council of war was recently held by the Salvation Army at Manchester, England, at which General Booth stated that there are now 265 stations against twenty-eight last year. There are now 685 paid officers, and an income of £57,000 per annum. During the last year 9,000,000 copies of Salvation Army literature were distributed.  
Prof. Robertson Smith's treatment at the hands of the Scotch Free Church Assembly last year, is thus tersely stated: "At the last meeting of the body he was paraded as a martyr; at this meeting he was voted a bore."  
The Irish Methodist Conference assembled at Belfast, on the 16th inst. Rev. Dr. Osborn presided. Rev. Dr. Crook was elected to the Legal Hall. The official sermon was preached by Rev. E. Jenkins, and was a profound and impressive discourse. Rev. Dr. Warren, president of Boston University, and fraternal delegate from the M. E. Church of America to the British Conference, was present.  
The French Wesleyan Conference has been held in the city of Nimes. There are within the bounds of the Church 161 chapels and other preaching places, with 31 ministers, 12 evangelists and teachers, 95 local preachers, 110 class leaders, and 1,895 members, including probationers. There are eight day schools, and 23 Sunday schools, with 320 teachers and 2,396 scholars. The work is sadly crippled for want of funds. Rev. W. Cornforth is the president of the Conference.

WHO ARE THE PROPHETS?  
Mr. Francis presided at the speaking of Mr. to vote on the "I count it to be declares, confidence and had it been nothing could be a party from election; there man (Speaker thanks."  
If Speaker the Prohibitory the Republican danger of defeat tion, is very un of small consequ rum-drinker wi Underwood, and ing just what he  
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Noyes because rior to such ign if ever he cam any higher offi of that fact, t he was, give heartily than ev The Reveren talks about St upon the Stat vote a measure had refused to he knows not f falls into the s take as Mr. I himself. And perance man, a make such misl say the least, profession, it and pitiable t ter of the Gos bright and shin take a position fort to rumste Such an attitu tion is too con comment.  
Late Cul There is a g agreement of the half-billing, and names in New dressings the Co Frequently it and the weeds the corn rows, the yield. It w the land as to the ground w creased the la afterwards, W to continue cu throw out thei Once in two s to stir the so season. The la should be bre surface, to bre weeds. It is weeds get a ho to destroy. In out ready driver American Agric







